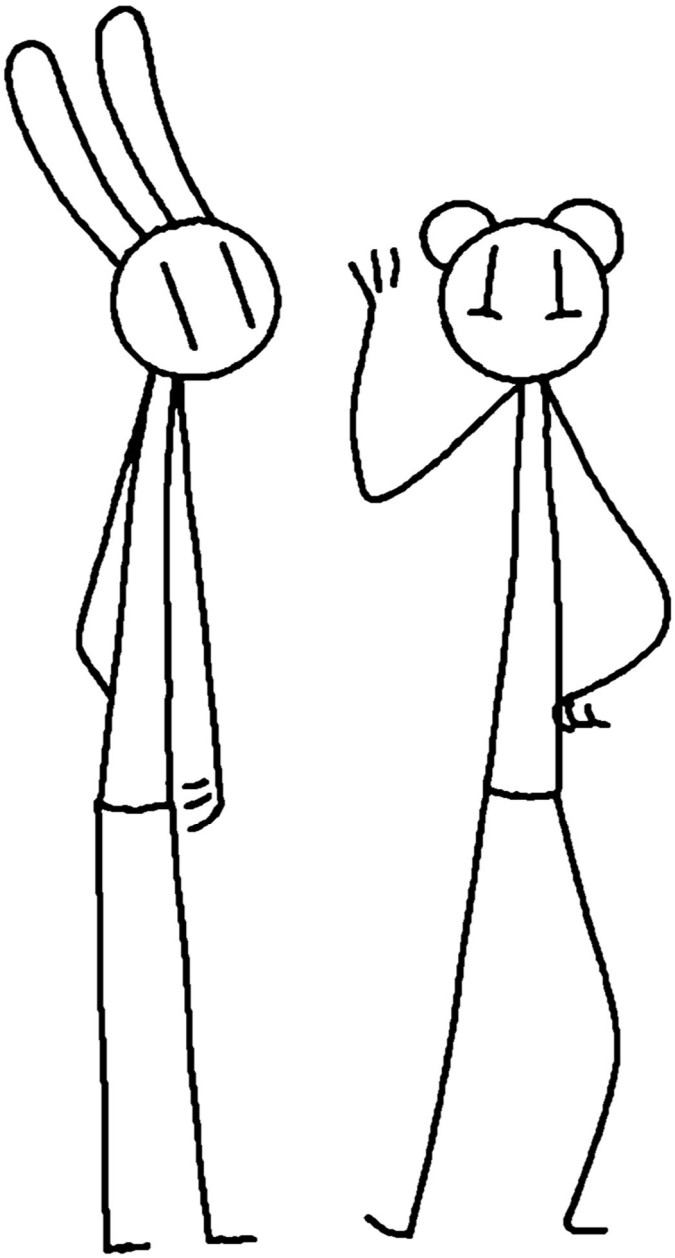
THE BLIND'S DATE:

THE BUNNY AND THE BEAR



a story by M. Fatinna

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0.0 – THE BUNNY

"And yet again, I've found myself seated at the kitchen table, across an empty chair. Looking down isn't that much more interesting, and looking behind me—to the fridge that would like some restocking as well, and the freezer"

The Bunny then takes a glance of the plate of meat, rice, and tepid tap water in their favourite cup; being a plastic, Winnie the Pooh themed cup.

"But I figure I should, cross-out today's date on the calendar[1]*, so I start eating my breakfast quicker—realising I most likely undercooked the meat—and walked 7 steps perpendicular to my sitting position on the kitchen chair; which has been nailed to the ground, then took a 90-degree right turn when I reached half a step to my bed, and the last 5 steps got me to my desk, I felt around for the marker since I had carelessly thrown it on my desk the day earlier"*

The Bunny, after finding their marker, reaches up to the calendar—which has been placed perfectly above bust-level [

> *"I had just remembered that yesterday, was the end of the month. I flip the calendar over to feel the word '*`:·˙·:` `[FEB]`*', I'd almost lost track of last month that I forgot what this one would be"*

] and crosses out the date: `[01/02/XXXX]`. They step back, almost proud and confident on drawing two simple intersecting lines on the start of a day

[1] One of the odd things I find about The Bunny is the fact that they cross out the date on the calendar at the start of the day.

"I feel I'm the type of person to appreciate the little details, I like when the sound of people walking is lined up to the song that is currently in my head, when people talk with a cadence that sooths my brain, and the feeling of knowing a floor had been cleaned less than 15 minutes ago"

After pondering for a few minutes, The Bunny—with a giddy get-up—grabbed their cane and carefully reached for the knob to the exit-door of their apartment.

"I didn't like the fact that the door handle to this door is a boring, smooth, rounded, door knob. When I come across a door I always hope—when I reach out to it—that it would be a handle. Though I've lived here for quite some time, I should've been used to it"

The hallway was empty; as expected, The Bunny walked down the hall while dragging their fingers across the wall to their left, to feel out the little nooks and imperfections in the paint that was hastily slathered on. After about 34 steps they were at the lift lobby; they knew because…

"There's a fresh cigarette on the ashtray of the rubbish bin, that was neatly placed right in the middle of the two elevators, I had to take an unwanted swig of cigarette smoke to reach for the button [2]"

They waited—in a stand-still—for an unexpected length of time, awkwardly shifting around, and fidgeting with the handle on their cane. Fifteen seconds turned into thirty, and half-a-minute turned into a whole.

"I finally noticed the square of yellow pasted on the elevator doors, and assumed that that was the reason why there was no sound of any machinery, and deep clattering when I pressed the button, I assumed it read: `[ELEVATOR OUT OF SERVICE]`, but I had already made a turn to the stairs; another 15 steps away"

[2] *"Which made me wonder, why they put plants on the left and right side of the elevator lobby if one single cigarette was going to take over the whole area's scent".*

0.1

The pavement is still wet from the rain before, making it feel like the ground is moaning at every step, with every leaf they come across a hazard to slip on. The fog is still strong, even though there is no rain, the average person can't see beyond 8 meters in front of them. Of course, this isn't a problem for The Bunny.

"I plan on hopefully meeting someone new at the café today, but this weather isn't really supporting that plan, I can feel the watery air on the hairs of my skin, and the muscles under it silently quivering"

They make it to a zebra-crossing, and wait for the somewhat irritating constant beeping noise to play, signalling if the cars have read the light as red, and the pedestrians on the pavement can cross safely

"It's a nice system, I'm glad they added the feature of the noise playing when the light's green, a little disappointed only this neighbourhood has—"

`[BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP]`[3]

Before The Bunny can finish their thought, the beeping noise is already blaring, and wet footsteps are already [foot]stepping; occasionally a slosh of a puddle being trampled on.

"I swiftly tap-tap-tap my cane across, and sense the other people's reactions, I feel like moses splitting a sea in twain; just waltzing down the middle of the isle basically"

[3] It's more of a rapid, high-pitched "Pip, pip, pip, pip" alarm.

[A COUPLE GREY CLOUDS, COVERING THE SKY. A BIRD FLIES ACROSS]

"Like a bird gliding across a grey backdrop, I finally end up at: "Ed's Café". Oddly enough, when I enter, I don't hear that many people inside—only someone rustling a newspaper, a couple clinks of a fork on a plate, and the footsteps of someone heading for the restroom; as I (unfortunately) already predicted. I can feel the person running the cashier look at me for a moment, I don't understand why"

The Bunny leaves out the same way they came, almost comically never stepping two steps inside the scent of a freshly mopped floor of the establishment. They do an elegant heel turn, and walk back the same way they came. The person at the counter makes a face for a split second, with only their face muscles saying *"Oh, O.K"*.

"The walk back was a little less mindless, there was light music bleeding through the walls of a clothing shop, it was a very annoying, repetitive, but catchy tune; like a… hm… I wonder what [4] simile I could use to—" [CLANK!][5]

The Rabbit is propelled to their side with the force of almost thirty-two times a person's push; Sending them tumbling on the ground before coming to a full stop.

[4] [SCREECH]
[5] [THUMP]

The car stops right above the lines of the zebra crossing, there's a silent moment before someone steps out of the vehicle to see what they've done.

> "I slowly edge closer to the front of my car, but I'm still hoping that no one will be there, that I had only hallucinated something on the road causing me to stop; the light was still green. And with only a glimpse of the hand of my victim I immediately call an ambulance, and I know when they come, I'll mistake them to be the police"

The Bear is pacing around, and The Rabbit is laying on the ground unconscious, there has grown an audience of people, spectating the situation, not daring to do anything.

> *"It feels just like sleeping, is probably what I would've thought at that moment, but I wasn't thinking of anything, and as….as…as..as."*

0.2

"There's an unmistakable hum of the ambiance in the hospital, even if someone hasn't been in one, just by the sounds and surroundings just screams: clean, sterile, and vaguely safe, of which I don't mind at all"

The Bunny had been intentionally closing their eyes, even though they've woken up; as if to brace for light bleeding into their retinas. The Bear notices this, and asks "Are you awake?"[6] in a tone of first-hand embarrassment, and a little bit of guilt.

"I stayed quiet for a few seconds, I could tell how startled the person asking that was, there was a small whimper that they did when I opened my eyes abruptly"

The Bunny looks around for a second, feeling around their environment. The Bear notices that The Bunny seems like they're looking for something they might've lost, and [

"It took me a little bit to realise they were looking for their cane; it was a fancy, white one that folds over, I think it was his blind guide cane—no wonder he didn't see me"[7]

] The Bear figures out very quickly that they are looking for their cane, which The Bear had very thoughtfully folded up on the floor, next to the bed.

[6] They mess up on saying awake, instead of that it sounds like they're saying more of "wake".
[7] The Bear didn't think of the possibility of The Bunny hearing the car nearing.

"I bent over and reached to get the cane. After I handed it to them, they did a very brief little smile, but they were looking at something else [

The Bear slightly leans closer, expecting The Bunny to look at them

], and it came to me again why they might be doing that; I did an imaginary facepalm in my head"

"This person had gone out of their way to get me to a hospital, found my cane, and crashed into me with a car, or at least I think that might be what happened, it was a big blurry mess, I was paying attention to something else… speaking of which… have—"

"I'm not sure why I was waiting so long for something, there's been a good three hours of me looking over this random person sleeping, but I believe it's the best—"

The Bunny interrupts The Bear's train of thought by finally articulating something out their mouth: *"Have you heard the music they play at the clothes store?",* said in an oddly monotone voice, like an android with a human voice. The Bear is caught off guard and replies with a simple "What?". The Bunny repeats the question, but this time while looking directly at The Bear[8]. This time The Bear thinks about it for a second before answering, after the short thought: "Do you mean the store?".

Theres a succinct silence of The Bunny acknowledging The Bear's answer, The Bear considers adding on to their correction in a futile attempt to keep the conversation going: "It's a bit odd, the grocery store playing music I mean, I think that'd be distracting; no?"

"The TV mounted on the wall is still playing something, I'm not sure what of, the volume isn't high enough for me to make out the contents, but I know it's on, This person beside me has been talking about a grocery store for quite some time, I'm curious what they

[8] After knowing where the source of the sound is coming from, they point their head.

look like, after that I reached/ aimed for the source of the speaking—their mouth—and I had a little feel around"

The Bunny rubs their hand against The Bear's face, The Bear is initially unsettled and uncomfortable for a moment, and half-asks "What are you d—?". It's an awkwardly warm situation.

"Their skin is so soft, and smooth. And when I got to their head, I noticed they had two circular soft ears, less like a mouse but more a bear's"

"Their ears don't fit the bed, they kind of bend up after they're against the wall and bedframe"

There's a moment where they're both seeing each other and noticing things about their features. And when The Bunny finally lets go of their grip, neither of them say anything to the other. But it's not awkward anymore.

[ONE WEEK LATER]

The Bear has been visiting quite frequently in the span of time stated above, and today[9] The Bunny will be discharged from the hospital, and they will both never come across one another's face again.

"At home I found a guide on how to write down numbers in braille, and since they've been discharged from the hospital, I figured I should keep contact with them, check on how they're doing time-to-time"

"The other person had been visiting me for the last few days, I don't know why they care so much[10] but I appreciate it, I'd just like to have them in me, my life I mean.

I'm walking out towards the elevators in the hospital, more stumbling around than actually walking, I haven't been in a hospital before, and nor counted the steps needed to

[9] 7th FEBURARY XXXX

[10] I like to think this is caused by the Florence Nightingale effect, a phenomenon where the one that is taking care of the patient develops feelings for the patient.

reach the destinations, and I had just realised there had been a person guiding me through the halls, I'd been following their footsteps"

Just in case, The Bunny counted every step and turn they were taking; there were around forty-four steps from The Bunny's patient-room door and the corner where the lifts were. The Bear noticed this.

The doctors and police that were looking after The Bunny's case, found no injuries and no problems, but The Bear still had to pay for the cost of The Bunny staying there. The Bear reluctantly agreed to this, knowing fully they were responsible anyways.

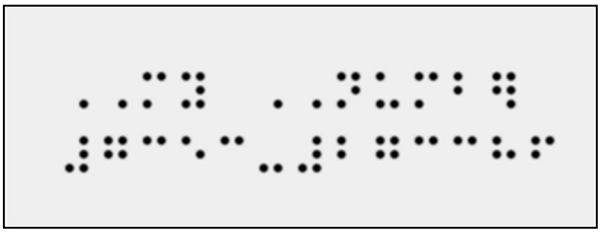
The two of them had been sitting around in the lobby for a while, and they both had no reason to, The Bear could've driven the both of them home by now.

"I used this opportunity to give my handwritten note to them, I tapped them on the shoulder and when they glanced at me, there's a miniscule second where I'd realised I had no idea what this person is thinking; they looked at me up and down as if they could see me[11]"

The Bunny takes the piece of paper; they fiddle around with it to find the right orientation.

"After playing around with it to see if it had anything on it, I realised 'Oh, there's bumps on this' [12]*, so I started reading, the person had given me their phone number, either as a sign of pity or a way for me to contact them"*

fig.1



[M Y N U M B E R]

[7 3 5 3 – 2 7 3 3 8 6]

The Bunny agrees on The Bear driving them to their apartment building.

[11] "This comment felt rude at the time, but it's true is it not?".

[12] The black dots in "*fig.1*" are holes punctured through using The Bear's pencil, and the paper itself is more of a hurriedly ripped slip of ordinary copy-paper.

0.3

"When I finally got to my floor, I had to drag my hand against the wall, counting how many doors I had passed when walking down the hallway. 202, 204, 206, 208—wait this is the wrong wall.[13] *207, 209, 211—O.K.*

I take out the keys from my pocket, but as I pull them out, a slip of paper slips out of my pocket, I try to find it for a while, reassuring myself that it's important. A couple dozen seconds of stumbling my fingers around the general area was worth it as I'd realised that it was my grocery list for tomorrow. [14]*"*

The Bunny slots the key into the door, and realises they didn't need to turn it. They're finally met with a very rotten smelling apartment. They'd forgotten to throw out the leftover meat on the plate into the bin, and what was on that plate is now considered inedible for the average person.

Which made them think—how people eat food to make themselves feel good, instead of thinking of food as a source of energy, now it's been demoted to just being a source of pleasure and good, it's j—.

"It's just how we are…"

They'd accidently said that aloud[15]. They approach the rotten leftovers of the yesterdays, and hesitantly relocated them into their proper place; the bin. The Bunny looks to be too attached to the rotten meat, for some reason, like they didn't get to finish their business.

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[13] I like to think that The Rabbit forgets their sense of direction very easily, which is a horrible thing for a blind person.

[14] It'd been in their pocket for the entirety of the story so far.

[15] I sometimes do this too, when something I'm doing is greatly affecting me, like my subconscious is pushing its own self to become conscious; like a forgotten memory being forced to re-emerge as a projector playing an old film reel, or sometimes I just intentionally say it and remember it as me doing it accidentally; a Freudian slip.

They remind themselves about the calendar, and how none of the days that have passed[16] have yet to be crossed out.

"My arms fondled around on my desk for a while; trying to find the marker, but I've forgotten where I last put it, this thought made me cringe in self-disappointment"

The only way they were going to find that marker is either by regenerating their eyesight temporarily, check every nook and cranny of their apartment, or to get help from another person.

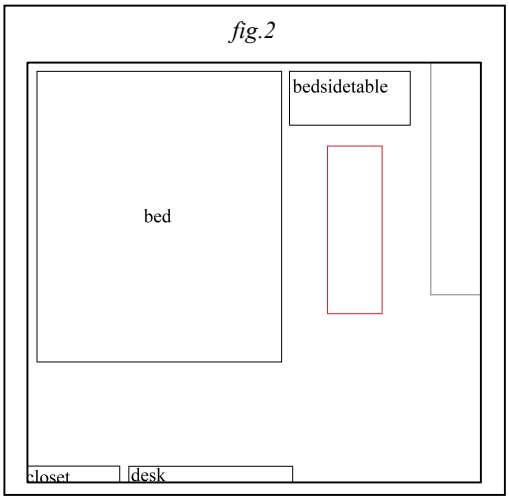
"Unfortunately, I do not have any contacts to the people I once knew or know that might want to help… [

`[THE BUNNY CHANGES THEIR FACIAL EXPRESSION]`

] Oh, I just remembered, I think it might still be in my pocket, but I was fiddling in my pocket in the lift, so it might've fell out without me knowing"

They pull out the slip of paper, reminiscing on how The Bear's skin feels, and thinking how lucky they are to be able to contact them. They figure they'd have to wait a couple minutes / hours for The Bear to reach their place of residence to answer their phone—instead of now—where if The Bunny calls them, they'll be met with thirty seconds of nothing, and then a beep that redirects them to do a voicemail.[17]

fig.2



The Bunny decides to head for their bed, but miscalculates the distance and lands flat on the floor [fig.2]. They say *"At least I put carpets here"* out loud, with a strained voice, as if to speak to an invisible audience.

[16] 2nd–3rd–4th–5th–6th–7th FEBURARY XXXX[A]

[A] It probably would've looked nicer if it was just "2nd – 7th", but the differences in the suffixes—like for example, this could imply that 3 would be called 3nd or some transitionary suffix between "nd" and "th", or maybe it's fruitless anyway because I've probably mistaken English grammar again, or looked too deep into patterns.

[17] I hate the way I worded this paragraph, I felt like I over-explained it.

[YOU REACT APPROPRIATELY, AS WE SWITCH PERSPECTIVES TO BEAR; BERBARING[18] IN THEIR BED]

"I didn't expect to find being at home an alienating feeling, like skipping a mandatory step in a routine, and everything else falling apart; I change my mind, it's only a substantially less intense feeling than that.

I don't remember blinking at any point I've lain flat at the palm of my bed, but this hand is neither comforting nor comfortable, so I stop my semantics and get the courage to relieve this feeling. So, I start to slug myself off of the hug of fabric on my belly, and drop on the floor beside it [

[MATCH CUT BACK TO THE BUNNY, STILL LYING ON THE FLOOR; FACE DOWN FLAT. (MIRRORING THE BEAR'S ACTION BEFORE)]

[WE GO BACK TO THE BEAR]

] And once I'm upright, I look (stare) longingly to the objects around my house; they stare back, questioning me about why I even own them; or it's just me questioning myself.

Seconds, …

And now, at this point, I realise I haven't uttered a single word ever since I was at the hospital, tending to The Bunny, my mouth shut with an invisible tape. I try to (at the very least) emit a sound; 'Hm…', and it's questionable if that could be considered good enough."[19]

…minutes, ...

The Bear knows by now that they are waiting for something to happen, to them, and by refraining from wanting it to happen, it would happen faster; or at least feel more impactful. The Bunny is still flat down on their carpet.

…hours.

[18] I decided to substitute "lying" with "berbaring" [the Indonesian word] because I feel the former word is too ambiguous and I feel the latter describes The Bear's posture in their bed more accurately.
[19] O.K, that's enough stop it there.

"My eyes have been wide open for this duration of time [20], and I didn't like the sensation of being barely able to breath, so I start to clamber up from my position on the floor and remember why I was waiting in the first place.

It's been a few minutes; I think, maybe I can call them now… [

Their eyes drift away from a discernible subject—as if to retreat the retinas to save power for thinking; remembering.

] I've forgotten about what exactly I wanted from calling them, I then contemplate whether I call them anyway; or not. But after comparing one possibility against the other; predicting how they'd think (but that's impossible), I decide to—"

`[RING, RING, RING,[`

The Bear jolts back into a state of consciousness; after a long drift in nowhere, with their body recognising the sound before the mind does—like muscle memory—as if calling to run to the source of the noise, like a puppet being yanked on a string, with a foot catching the other, staggering, with the mind lagging behind, almost tripping on themselves in the process of doing such.

`] RING, RING, CLICK]`[21]

"The way I bolted to the phone; as if ready to pick it up and answer with a one-liner one would practice every day in the morning, yet this does not mirror my first words spoken into it: 'W-wh… hello, who's it.[22]', wincing after every syllable exporting from my mouth; and every half-word I didn't say that was stuck between my teeth.

While picking up the pieces of my consciousness, I attempted to redo my mumbled, jumbled opener—now in a (slightly) more…

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[20] Waiting is usually skipped or implied in forms of media, I say it takes exactly the same amount of time for the characters to wait in this section as the "you" too.[B.]

[B] But so far, every event of waiting up until this point has been skipped (e.g. the 1 week of being at the hospital), but that would be too much of a stretch.

[21] Each ring (and pause) is about 1.25 seconds long.

[22] The Bear meant it to be a question, but it came out like a normal sentence

confident prose: ‘Sorry, who is this?’; as though I don’t already know who I’m hoping to be on the other side.

That arranged message gave my vocal cords a brief satisfaction; but now I’m in a state of unsureness, waiting for a reply, the silence making a swelling noise in the back of my head;

the silence between then and now said
more than what I ever said to start the
conversation (if one could count this as
one)—

making me wonder what the
other end of the phone is thinking
right about now;

| [23]

Do they even
remember me?”
Are they currently reading what I’m
thinking right now?
My thoughts? —
about me? My words?

“Realising I’ve been speaking in my mind in paragraphs filled with commas and not periods; not giving my brain a second to breath. The next realisation is that only three seconds had passed since the first (correct/intentional) syllable I said.”

[23] “My mind; in a maze, looping in on itself in times of trouble, I hate ~~talking~~ speaking in this mannerism when I’m like this.”

There's an additional second of silence, after the three that followed before. Though for The Bear, this second made holding their breath feel like an impossible task[24], and when a voice [

> *"I enjoyed the way their voice bounced down the stairs of a natural cadence, I feel like I can't add upon anything without my addition being undermined by the way their voice follows their own rhythm—but I might be over-exaggerating. I responded their entrance with a simple: 'Uh, I'm the person you just dropped off'[25]"*

] (finally) comes through, The Bear becomes aware of every muscle in their body—each one clenched for so long, it'd felt like it hadn't been clenched at all; and the taut knot loosens, hearing their soothing murmur.

> "I sheepishly answer with a usual comic response: "Oh! I see", I'd inserted a fake snicker in the middle of the utterance, and now I feel a shame after saying that, [
>
> *"Just from the way they were saying their words, I started to grin; smile, but I have to express that through the phone, don't I?"*
>
>] until they laughed along. Talking became easier every turn I had to speak, and the commune ended just as long as how the beginning felt.
>
> After, I'd been relishing in the feeling too much, that I almost forgot that they'd just invited me to visit their place; the conversation was so natural, I had almost forgotten what we conversed about, sparce details like a montage in a moving picture—I felt anxious, but this was a euphoric sensation; an exited panic."

The Bear wondered how they should dress, what they should wear to please The Bunny, but that wouldn't matter to The Bunny anyways—The Bear decided to do their best anyway.

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[24] Time is relative to the perceiver.

[25] *"I told you I couldn't do better"*

0.4

"What was—for the past seven days—a town under the shadow of many puffs of light grey, now replaced with a cloudless sky of which the sun was blaring into the windshield, refracting, burning a white streak on my vision, retinas; like a magnifying glass overhead an ant.

Now driving more carefully than I've ever driven before, I witness other cars drift by; slowly, I edge closer to a running pace of the average citizen, and then some. [

[HONK, HO - ONK][26]

] Before the car behind me, urges me—pushes me to a faster speed, as I had nearly driven myself to a complete halt; not noticing myself doing so—it's this feeling again."

The Bear redirects their consciousness from the projector in the back of their mind; looping a reel of the passing moments behind it, and slowly (still carefully) drives with more gusto, and confidence; proud of driving at 40M/H.[27]

Going	along	blocks	and	building	building	in a	marathon.
building	building	building	turning	building	building	slug a	building
building	building	building	at turns	at a dangerously	cautious pace,	like	building

[26] The space between "HO" and "ONK" relates to the duration of the sound, this pattern will continue throughout.
[27] I don't have a car; I have no idea of the average driving speed when inside it, or at least a reasonable speed, even though I like to count the speeds of things I wouldn't have any international unit to compare it to, I'd compare it to my own pace.

Each turn they make mirroring a turn already made just a quarter of a day ago. But remembering to stop halfway of the full journey they took, as (coincidentally) The Bunny's apartment was the exact middle point of the journey from The Bear's house to the hospital[28], where a straight line on a map would directly point to the exact location of The Bunny's complex. But once The Bear is conscious for pondering about thinking, they realise this information might've been completely a waste of brain-power anyway.

> "My brain has many ways of distracting myself during these nerve-wracking situations, when doing a long and monotonous mission, my mind manoeuvring may make me more meticulous, my mumbles meander mindlessly[29]; machine maintaining murmur mosaics.[30]"

building	building	building	turns at	in a graceful monotony;	just	in a	pendulu M.[31]
building	building	building	turning	building	like some	gears	building
Going	along	blocks	and	building	building	building	building

> "As I near the intended destination; which was supposed to be on my right, my peripheral expands, making sure I'm remembering this area correctly, until I notice that what was supposed to be west, has become north.
>
> I'm now facing a three-way intersection, and I'm caught in the middle of two forking roads, when what I expected was a small apartment building right to my… right, but at which turn did I faulter? —I counted precisely every building and block I'd been passing!"

[28] Of which could be argued as The Bear's second home for 7 days.
[29] ~~Holy fuck~~ trying to continue this alliteration thing was so fun, I'm fully serious when I say I had no idea how this Bear thought was about turn out, including this footnote; of which I'm writing on the fly, and being self-conscious of writing said footnote
[30] "For example, thinking in alliterative sentences"
[31] Nice easter egg, but once I've finished writing this (in about 26 seconds) it wouldn't have been an easter egg anymore.

Or did they? They were mistakenly counting the changes in the pavement, rather than the buildings' start-and-ends, which made every ninety-degree rotation they made two blocks and eleven steps (on average) too early. Upon this discovery, The Bear exports themself out their vehicle. And gets to the conclusion that walking might've been easier anyway.

[----------]

They had been sniffing around in their room, there's a just palpable musk, and dampness, on the floorboards, and the sound of the rug has shifted from a clear foamy sound[32], to a muffled, ruffle, and the small tastebud-like texture had turned into the equivalent of a mat in front of the bathroom, which it (technically) is; The Bunny noticed this after exiting the bathroom from a long reflective shower.

[ENTER THE BUNNY'S MIND TOO LATE
[CATCH THE END OF A SENTENCE AND CONT'D]

> *"…for me to do so. The shampoo's smell ~~or od or~~ / odour had morphed from its usual flavour to one of my other ones, which I'm sure I didn't pick up. Either this means that a burglar burst into my home and rearranged the neatly ordered everything; including—my marker, shampoos, plates, and slathered their sweat on and over the carpet, and I had only noticed until now of the remains of them—or I hadn't cleaned up in a bit, I don't know; I do trip on pieces of clothing a few too often"*

This thought motivated The Bunny to do something about the situation they have at hand.

[----------]

After many re-turns and returns, The Bear finally ends up to a familiar place, a vague feeling of déjà vu, but the period of time wasn't enough for it to be a full feeling.

[32] Referring to when The Bunny initially had it at first

The Bear hallucinates a memory of The Bunny telling them what number their door is.[33] As if an omniscient being had provided them the memory, or the (more plausible) way [is that] The Bunny said it so swift and so efficiently, it'd felt like the information came out from another mouth.

[BELOW IS A REPRESENTATION OF THE HALLWAY]

The how didn't matter, The Bear started entering, elevating, and walking along the—lobby, elevators, and hallways. Walking past door by door, making sure to land each foot on each distinct whole tile[1].

"I'm standing right ahead (or behind) a door, hoping the label on the right refers to the door on the left instead of its left; if it were to face me. I can see the sweat dripping from the tip of my eyelashes, and my fingers cowering at the thought of this being the wrong door."

"I heard someone walk down the hallway in the same mannerisms a certain someone walk, I can tell they aren't walking on any of the in-between tiles in the hallway;

[33] And the readers of this book check page 11 to see the hallucinated hallucination.

for each spot on a tile reflects a specific frequency, depending on where you strike. They've stopped at my door, and I know their hand is about to strike this stupid circular knob, and I know they'll also despise it at a single, slight touch, akin to my taste."

"The circular knob's design calmed me down a bit, I like the *oval-like* and *cylindrical -ness* of it, I hope turning it would be better than seeing it. The hallway I'm standing in felt narrower equivale- nt to how long I've been standing here"

Their face states an independent opinion about the knob's shape[34]

[34] …up to the readers to decide.[B]

[B] I like how both of the characters think about the knob's dimensions, size, and shape

0.5

"I suggested to myself that directly, immediately getting them to find my marker as soon as they enter wasn't a good way to re-introduce me and my living space. I thought about this long and intently—It's good I'm thinking about this at all; the fact on how to react once I open the door—eventually, and now I know that just thinking intently is enough, as they've knocked at this door six times now; in two groups of three plonks on this hollow wooden door. I'd made up my mind on how I'd act"

"And just as I was considering shifting my gaze and posture to the door on the right of me, the door's doorknob jitters, rattles, jingles and the door swoops open with a speed that blew wind directly into my face.

I didn't expect this for some reason, I was expecting them to say: *'come in'* after unlocking the door, and let me turn the knob myself, was it selfish of me to think so?"[35]

But once they were face to face, one of them eyeing the other, and said other one listening to the—heavy, wide-eyed, shocked breath of the one by the door; ajar. And both figures froze in a stand-off—like an insomniac laying in their bed with only their brain to talk to[36], for a time that felt like longer than it should but in reality, merely seconds ticked.

Both of them were in their own little monologues; in their own little heads about little things, but The Rabbit figured (as the host), they should be the first word.

[35] The door was never locked in the first place.

[36] Initially I wanted the metaphor to be: "Like M, looking at the page where words sat still; waiting" but that felt too meta, and this even being here is meta in and of itself.

"At first, I wanted to start off with a comic examination of the state of my flat by saying 'Is it like my flat got robbed?', but on second thought, and consideration on what really (might've) happened, it sounded somewhat inappropriate when I said it aloud; it'd slipped out like a rotten banana peel. For a moment I didn't know what they thought, I had to wait until a reaction [

"I was so focused on The Bunny; I'd barely noticed their surroundings until they pointed it out. I chuckled, but it sounded less genuine than I wanted it to be, I was halfway through the laugh until my mind shifted the tone of my laugh to say: 'You're still funny, huh?', with a mischievous over-the-top playful grin, hopefully they saw that through the tone I said it in"

] which thankfully came quick. 'C'mon, come in' I would've mentioned something about them standing in the hallway but I didn't think of anything"

The Bear takes an actual peek at what The Bunny's flat looked like by angling their head slightly but making sure not too much to let The Bunny notice to see behind The Bunny, and wondered how someone as blind as them could live in this place— [

"There were clothes that had lined themselves up on the carpet like soldiers who'd marched until their death and lay there, waiting for something—shown on Television, a documentary; almost an orderly mess, the bedsheet and duvet made sleeping on said bed look uncomfortable, and there was a somewhat potent aura of smell I couldn't describe—was this rude to do?[37]"

] a feeling washed over them almost a sorry pity; but charm was the dominant force, until realising that The Bunny might've meant what they said and what The Bear thought was a joke: "Wait did it actually?", [

"I'd never thought this to be true, until—I took into account the unlocked door, the re-ordered shampoo bottles, the clothes all over the floor of which I almost tripped on, at

[37] They actually waited for an answer in their own brain for this, figures.

least I think they left before opening the fridge, or after, must've felt bad robbing a blind person who hasn't stocked up in a while; or didn't find anything of use"

] The Bunny shrugged in a confident uncertainty.

The Bear leaned forwards, and raised both eyebrows slightly and appealed to "[May I] come in now?", as The Bear hadn't thought[38] of The Bunny calling them inside already. And the moment The Bear steps inside, the first thought they had was of what their feet were standing upon.[39]

> "…It'd felt like I just stood on dry, short, stubbly, and thick hair, that grew from the ground; the fluffiness had been worn out by time walking, stomping, jogging all over this piece of broadloom—or was the texture being affected by how I walked on it?
>
> Immediately after I thought this (which was a staggering two steps into the room[40]), I immediately started to tread the terrain [as] treacherously as soldiers sneaking across trenches; careful to avoid their fallen comrades…Only eleven half-seconds later I realised I was bending my entire posture downwards to look at where my feet were landing, by now they've probably stopped to check if I'd entered already"

"I was wondering, why The Bear's footsteps were going by ten-beats-per-sometimes, and why they took off their shoes when they came in; I figured it was some routine they did as a child that stuck. They could've been anywhere had it not the warmth they've emitted so far—they're still barely through the door (an estimate of about the length-of-my-arm's way from the doorway—which is still open), and I waited for about five seconds until I asked about [

The Bunny turned around to point their head ~180° from their original orientation and looks in the general direction of The Bear and said:

---

[38] They didn't fully listen to them, The Bear was still thinking about the joke.
[39] The Bear had a habit of taking their shoes off when entering someone's house[C]
[C] Whereas, The Bunny wasn't accustomed any footwear in their own home as they'd like to differentiate between the textures of their own home, the bedroom/living room is carpet, the kitchen is hardwood floor, and behind the door of the bathroom the carpet stops, making a square-like indentation of wood; some may think this is annoying design.
[40] "Wow, I was getting comfortable"

] what [might've] happened[?]"

> "I look up, but too swift, my brain shook around inside my head when I physically settled; like beads thrown around a maraca or shaker, and noise swelled up in my mind and vision[41] when I had resurfaced from the sea of thoughts I was in (about the carpet of course). I impulsively look around for a clock, forgetting a major detail about The Bunny's life—well not really a detail, more of a main aspect, I now wonder if wondering about how long they've been blind for was rude to ask"

The Bear asked: "How long have you been blind for, [

"Oh, my fucki ng g od,

wh y d i d I s a

t h a t y

] sorry?", The Bear flinches in ?"
their spot and Their inner monologue then continued to spiral; like
a passage of text found in some examples of ergodic literature, mostly on thinking of ripping their teeth out (or just one) or considering on leaving the flat enti—The Bunny casually responds: *"Oh",* There's a very pungent yet unsure pause that ambiguates the following words, being: *"I don't really remember, it just… BAM! suddenly I couldn't see".*

[41] The effect of a head rush *(orthostatic hypotension)*, causing noise, dark spots, and ***tunnel vision***

> "They had snapped me out of my trance with a sudden onomatopoeia.[42] I was a little surprised by how casually they answered my out-of-nowhere question; reasoning that they were used to it rather than masking their un-comfortability behind a warm mask made of dried cucumbers. They smiled at the wall behind me"

The Bear now consciously asks about why The Bunny even cared to ask them to visit, The Bunny thought for a moment—nodding their head up as if looking for the memory—but shrugged after a voyage for a memory that had left ages ago; The Bear secretly, quietly hoping and wishing that they won't remember, without knowing why they're wishing that.

The Bunny swiftly moves—no—jumps onto their bed, slyly seating themselves on a piece of furniture that The Bear just now realises that The Bunny had been moving their body around this flat like muscle memory for the past however long: "How long have you lived here? sorry, you seem to move around l—" The Bear dares not finish the sentence; for their own sanity.

"You don't have to replace every full-stop with an apology—I've been here for… huh… even though I have a calenda—" The Bunny's eyebrows raise themselves *"Oh! I'd just remembered why I called you now…"*, The Bear loosens their shoulder and jaw muscles as if a chance for an opportunity had just closed their doors, even though they themselves don't know what said opportunity is/was. But still listening, The Bear tilts their head "Oh?".

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[SKIP TO AROUND TWO
MINUTES LATER, WHERE THE
TWO ARE LOOKING FOR A
GENERIC BLACK MARKER]
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[42] Referring to "BAM!"

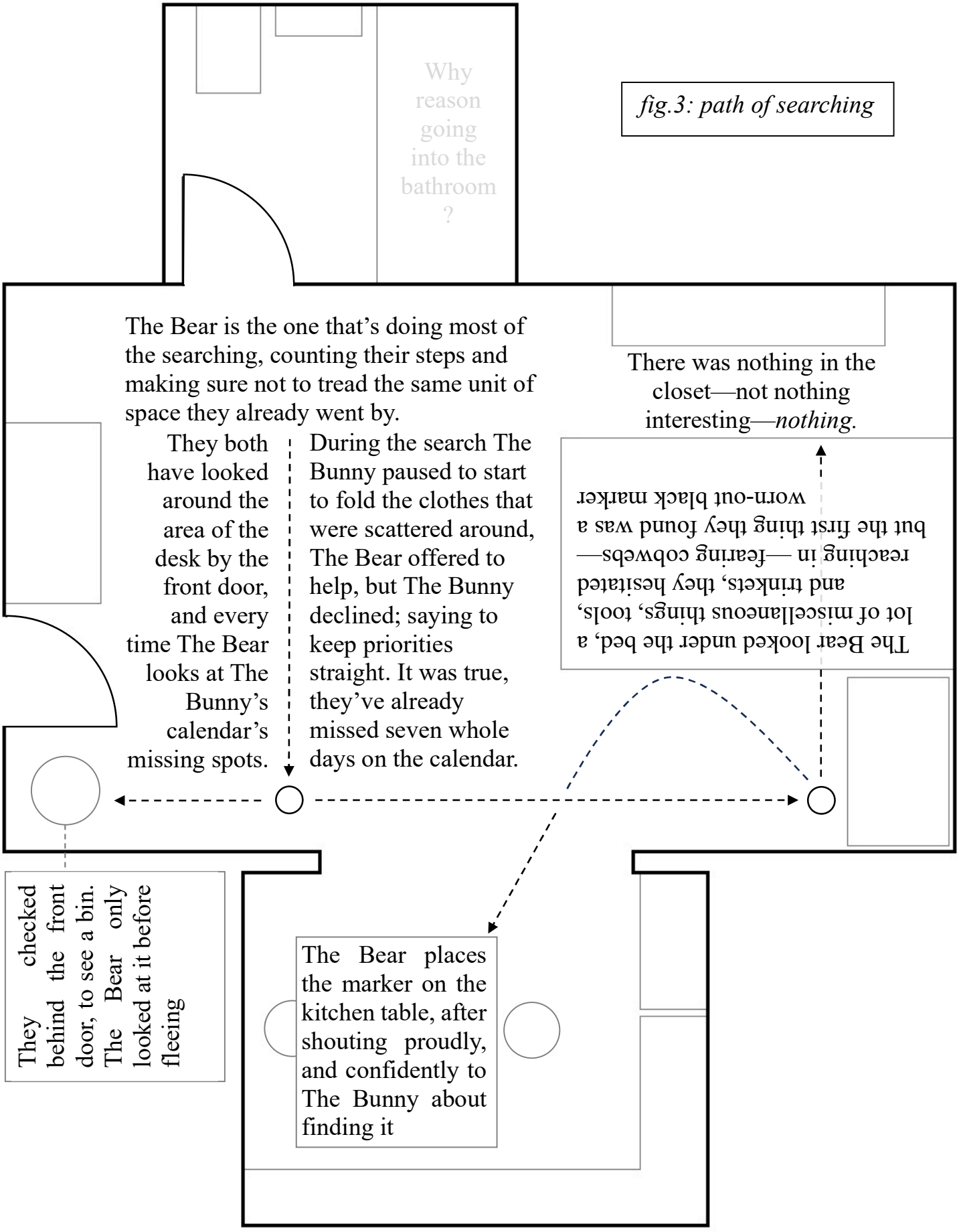

fig.3: path of searching

[BY THE SCENERY OUTSIDE THE BUNNY'S WINDOW, THE READER'S IMAGINATION CAN SEE THAT TIME HAS PASSED, VERY SURE, THE HUE GIVES IT AWAY, IT'S A *VIOLENT BLODDY PURPLE*]

What was—for the last few pages of this book— a cloudless sky day, where the sun that reflected off a windshield could make you even more blind than you were before[43], now replaced with a brooding dark, like a camera sealed air-tight in a cardboard box, hallucinating blobs of dark purple on the walls of cellulose fibres that dare let no light through but little pinholes that a toddler[44] stabbed in the box.

The Bunny emerges from the bathroom, the readers finally see the room as how it really is; a dark maze The Bunny has memorised like walking on the palm of their hand.

> *"I should've shown more of the abilities I ended up having now while they were here, they seemed to be impressed with the most minimum use of my effort. They were impressed how easily I found my calendar (though I've lived here for XX [units of time][45]) and how easily I found the squares to fill in with 'X's…or is it 'X'es?* [46]
>
> *Now realising how beautiful the design of the letter X is, it's walking in my mind; with is two legs, and both its arms up in the metaphorical air. I trip on one corner of the bed, hitting my shin[47], and I fall forward face first on the damp, dry carpet. I couldn't find a better word, so I used two contradictory ones."*

The Bunny's consciousness drifts from their furry-filled face of polyester, and watches their vessel curl up in the wonderful IKEA rug, from a top down third-person perspective; akin to watching a snail curl back into its own home after a long day with interacting with nature. They have a lot alike.

> *"Like I was the snail, that was winding away into a singularity, but also watching. A deflated balloon that wasn't made for almost four hours of chattering, this was new."*

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[43] We are all blind in some way, whether we know it or not, you are blind.
[44] Who could you think this toddler could be?
[45] I've decided to write it down like this due to the fact that I don't want the reader to know how many months, seasons, and years this person went through.
[46] *"The calendar I have not only has braille for the months, but also for each date and specific raised bumps on the weekends or holidays:* (' [⠼⠁ ⠊⠼⠁]/[⠼⠁ ⠼] [1/1]/[JAN.]', or '[⠼⠃ ⠑⠊⠼⠁ ⠃]/[⠙⠑⠉][25/12]/[DEC]')…*Not that I celebrate them"*
[47] *"I blame X—the letter, and its submissive existence at the moment for this"*

The Bear however—who had been walking in circles in their room for the past… when they got home—was in a snail-shell-situation of their own, this time more literally, following the motion of each step they take pulls you deeper into their trance.

"During the drive home, I decided to turn on the radio. I heard a song, I silently sang solemn segments, storing syllables securely. So, some-moment sooner summoning songs; solely swivelling somewhere safe.

I also have a habit of absorbing songs, and almost playing them back to myself by putting the recording of the record on the turntable in my brain, and the amplifier being the steps I stride. Is your tongue twisted yet?"

They were both absolutely ecstatic.

1.0 – THE BEAR

[end preview]